DELL
DECEMBER
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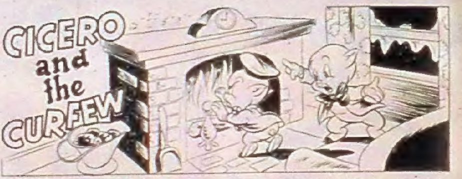
LOONEY TUNES comics

MERRIE MELODIES



One wintry night, Porky Pig was curled up on the davenport, reading and enjoying the warmth from his cheery fireplace. Then—rat-a-tat-tat! Somebody's knuckles beat a sharp tattoo on his front door. When he opened the door, little Cicero Pig, Petunia's cousin, pushed past him to make a beeline for the crackling fire on the hearth.

"Gosh, Porky!" Cicero exclaimed, spreading his hands to the blaze. "I'm pract'ally an icicle! I just HADDA get warm before I went another step."

Porky closed the door against the cold night and came over to the fireplace. "Wh-What are you doing out at this hour, anyway?" he demanded. "D-Don't you know it's almost time for the curfew b-bell to ring?"

"So what?" Cicero shrugged.

"If a p-policeman sees you out after curfew," said Porky sternly, "he'll take you d-down to the jail."

"He'll have to CATCH me first," Cicero giggled. "Besides, I'm not scared of any ol' curfew or p'liceman either." He moved back from the fire. "Well, I'm warm now, so I'll be goin'. Thanks for the use of the fire, Porky."

Porky ran toward the coat closet. "Wait! I'll w-walk with you. Then if we're stopped, I c-can explain." He stopped short because the loud bang of the front door told him that Cicero had already gone. For a minute, Porky stood still. Then a broad grin spread across his face.

"I'll t-teach that young s-smart aleck a lesson," he said, as he ran upstairs.

At that moment, Cicero heard the loud, clear ringing of the curfew bell. "Jeepers!" he muttered under his frosty breath, "I didn't know it was THAT near curfew."

The night was not as friendly as Cicero thought, either. There were so many queerly shaped black shadows everywhere, and the air was full of strange noises. Cicero quickened his pace. As he passed along a high hedge, a sharp, scratching sound behind it made him break out with goose-pimples. Quickly, he ran into the street—to get away from the hidden terror. But the lights of an approaching car sent him scurrying back to the sidewalk. By this time, his heart was pounding like a trip hammer and he was out of breath. So he leaned against a tree trunk to rest for a moment.

"Too-ooo — wit — too-oo-who-o-o-ooo!"

The terrifying, throbbing wail came from a tree branch right above his head. With a frightened cry, he raced off down the street. Rounding a corner, he slid to an abrupt halt. Coming toward him was a tall policeman, the light from a near-by street lamp shining on his brass buttons. Choking back a second cry, Cicero dove head first into a clump of bushes. There he waited until the policeman's footsteps died away. Then he untangled himself and, again, headed for his cousin's house.

At the next corner, he stopped

(Continued on inside back cover)

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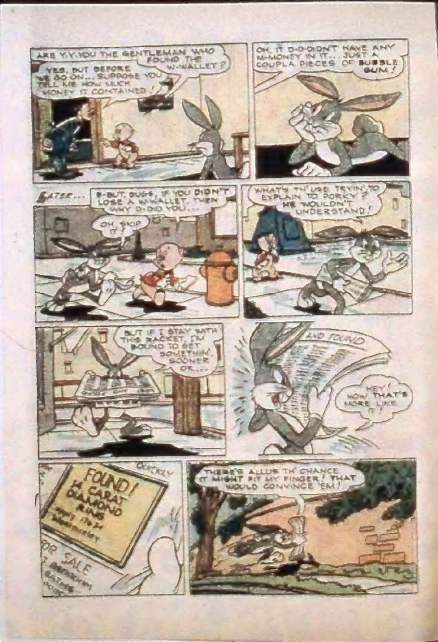
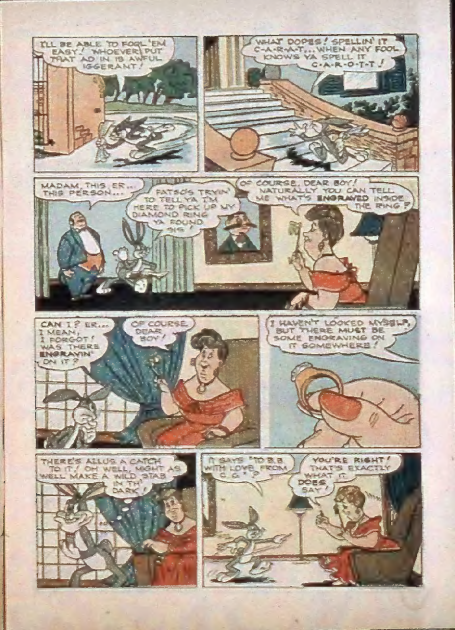
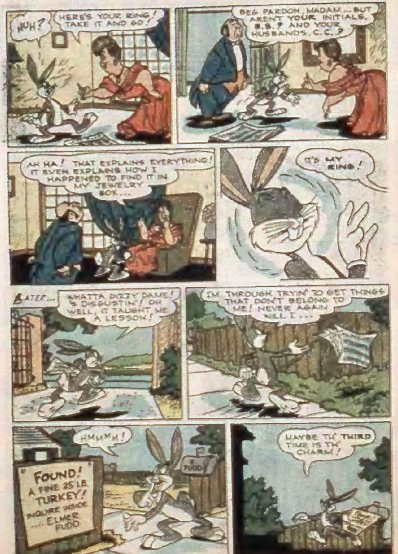
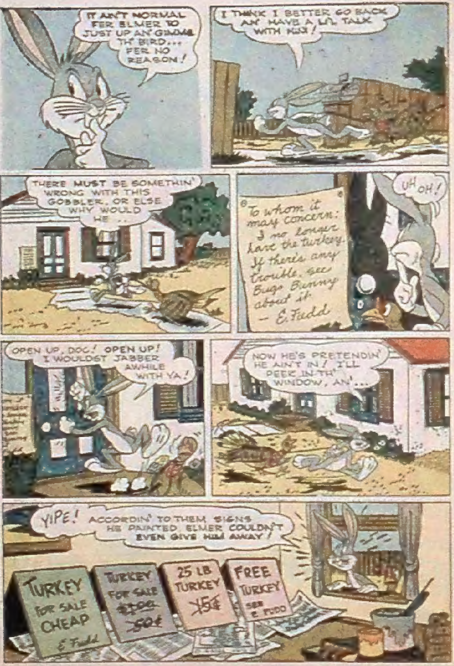
WARNER BROS. CARTOONS, INC. presents
BUGS BUNNY
562
YES! THIS HERE'S TH' RIGHT PLACE!
MISTER, YA ADVERTISED IN TH' PAPER THAT YA PAID $5 FOR A BILLFOLD!
RIGHT! AND IF YOU CAN IDENTIFY IT, I'LL LET YOU HAVE IT!
LEMME SEE! IT WAS... ER... I GOTTA HARD TO REMEMBER, KNOW!
CAN YOU TELL ME HOW MUCH MONEY IT CONTAINED?
LES SEE...ER, I BELIEVE IT WAS ABOUT, ER... TWENTY BUCKS, ROUGHLY SPEAKIN'!
HOW MUCH?
TEN BUCKS?
FIVE BUCKS?
ONE BUCK?
NO!
NO!
NO!
I DON'T BELIEVE YOU LOST A BILLFOLD AT ALL!
ARE YOU INCINERATIN' I'M A CHEAP, CONNIVIN', LI CHEATER?
YES!
HOW D'YA LIKE THAT? TH' GUY'S A MIND READER!


ARE Y-Y-YOU THE GENTLEMAN WHO FOUND THE W-WALLET?
YES, BUT BEFORE I GO ON... SUPPOSE YOU TELL ME HOW MUCH MONEY IT CONTAINED!
OH, IT D-D-DIDN'T HAVE ANY M-MONEY IN IT... JUST A COUPLA PIECES OF BUBBLE GUM!
LATER...
B-BUT, BUGS, IF YOU DIDN'T LOSE A W-WALLET, THEN WHY D-DID YOU...
OH, SKIP IT!
WHAT'S TH' USE TRYING TO EXPLAIN TO PORKY IF HE JUST WON'T UNDERSTAND!
BUT IF I STAY WITH THIS RACKET, I'M BOUND TO GET SOMETHIN' SOONER OR...
AND FOUND...
HEY! NOW THAT'S MORE LIKE IT!
OOHKEY
FOUND! 14 CARAT DIAMOND RING
SALE
THERE'S ALLUS TH' CHANCE IT MIGHT FIT MY FINGER, THAT WOULD CONVINCE 'EM!


I'LL BE ABLE TO FOOL 'EM IN THAT "WHOEVER" PUT THAT AD IN IS AWFUL IGGERANT!
WHAT DOPES! SPELLIN' IT C-A-R-A-T... WHEN ANY FOOL KNOWS YA SPELL IT C-A-R-O-T-T!
MADAM, THIS ER... THIS PERSON...
PATSY'S TRYIN' TO TELL YA I'M HERE TO PICK UP MY DIAMOND RING YA FOUND, SIR!
OF COURSE, DEAR BOY! NATURALLY YOU CAN TELL ME WHAT'S ENGRAVED INSIDE THE RING?
CAN I? ER... I MEAN, I FORGOT! WAS THERE ENGRAVIN' ON IT?
OF COURSE, DEAR BOY!
I HAVEN'T LOOKED MYSELF, BUT THERE MUST BE SOME ENGRAVING ON IT SOMEWHERE!
THERE'S ALLUS A CATCH TO IT, OH WELL, MIGHT AS WELL MAKE A WILD STAB IN THE DARK!
IT SAYS "TO B.B. WITH LOVE FROM C.C." :D
YOU'RE RIGHT! THAT'S EXACTLY WHAT IT DOES SAY!


HUH?
HERE'S YOUR RING! TAKE IT AND GO!
BEG PARDON, MADAM ... BUT AREN'T YOUR INITIALS, B.B.? AND YOUR HUSBAND'S, C.C.?
AH HA! THAT EXPLAINS EVERYTHING! IT EVEN EXPLAINS HOW I HAPPENED TO FIND IT IN MY JEWELRY BOX ...
IT'S MY RING!
LATER ...
WHATTA DIZZY DAME! DISGUSTIN' OH WELL, IT TAUGHT ME A LESSON!
I'M THROUGH TRYIN' TO GET THINGS THAT DON'T BELONG TO ME! NEVER AGAIN WILL I ...
HMMMM!
FOUND! A FINE 25 LB. TURKEY! INSIDE ... ELMER FUDD
FUDD
MAYBE TH' THIRD TIME IS TH' CHARM!

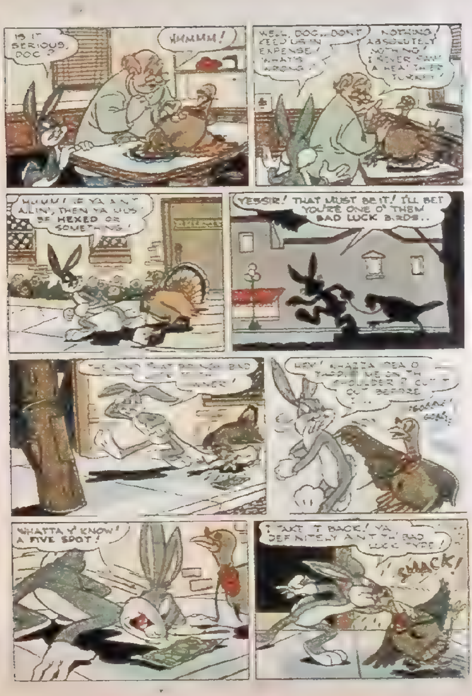
BESIDES, THANKSGIVIN' IS PRACTICALLY HERE, AN' I COULD SURE USE A TURKEY!
TAKE HIM! HE'S ALL YOURS!
YOU DID COME TO CLAIM THE TURKEY, DIDN'T YOU, BUGS?
WELL, YES... BUT DON'T I HAVTA IDENTIFY HIM? HOW D'YA KNOW HE'S MINE?
DID YOUR TURKEY SAY "GOBBLE, GOBBLE"?
CERTAINLY, DOPE!
SO DOES THIS ONE! THAT'S PROOF ENOUGH FOR ME! HE'S ALL YOURS! TAKE HIM AWAY!
?
WHEW! THANK GOODNESS, I GOT RID OF THAT BIRD!...
EVEN THOUGH I HAD TO WESORT TO TWICKERY TO DO IT!
HUMM! THERE'S SOMETHIN' MIGHTY PECULIAR ABOUT TH' LIL' JERK WAS ENTIRELY TOO ANXIOUS TO GET RID OF YA!



IT AIN'T NORMAL FER ELMER TO JUST UP AN' GIMME TH' BIRD... FER NO REASON!
I THINK I BETTER GO BACK AN' HAVE A LI'L TALK WITH HIM!
THERE MUST BE SOMETHIN' WRONG WITH THIS GOBBLER, OR ELSE WHY WOULD HE ..
To whom it may concern: I no longer have the turkey. If there's any trouble, see Bugs Bunny about it — E. Fudd
UH OH!
OPEN UP, DOC! OPEN UP! I WOULDST JABBER AWHILE WITH YA!
NOW HE'S PRETENDIN' HE AIN'T IN! I'LL PEEK IN TH' WINDOW, AN'...
YIPE! ACCORDIN' TO THEM SIGNS HE PAINTED ELMER COULDN'T EVEN GIVE HIM AWAY!
TURKEY FOR SALE CHEAP E. Fudd
TURKEY FOR SALE 50¢
25 LB TURKEY 5¢
FREE TURKEY SEE E FUDD

HE WON'T GET AWAY WITH IT! I'LL MAKE HIM TAKE IT BACK!
GOBBLE! GOBBLE!
WHATTA MATTER WITH ME? I SUPPOSE THERE IS SOMETHIN' WRONG... I WON'T GET LUCK! I GOTTA GREAT IDEA!
AND SO...
YOO HOO, PETUNY! HOW'S ABOUT BUYIN' A CHANCE ON A TURKEY RAFFLE!
WHY, SURELY, BUGS, I'D LOVE TO...
EEK! IS THAT THE TURKEY?
WELL, SURE!
THE VERY IDEA! OF COURSE I WON'T BUY A CHANCE ON THAT TURKEY!
I'LL BET I CN SELL SYLVESTER ONE!
WHAT? ME TAKE A CHANCE ON THAT TURKEY? DON'T MAKE ME LAUGH! HA! HA!
THERE'S BEAKY BUZZARD! IF I CAN'T SELL HIM, I MAY AS WELL QUIT!

HO! HO! I MAY BE DUMB, BUT I AIN'T DUMB ENOUGH TO BUY A CHANCE ON THAT TURKEY!
I'M SICK AN' TIRED OF HEARIN' TH' SAME THING! WHAZZA MATTER WITH THAT TURKEY?
D-DON'T YOU KNOW B-BUGS?
NO, I DON'T... DO YOU?
N-NOT EXACTLY. B-BUT THERE M-MUST B-BE SOMETHING WRONG WITH HIM...!
OR ELSE, WHY W-WOULD THOSE M-MEN TRY TO G-GIVE IT AWAY?
WHAT MEN?
TH' TWO M-MEN THAT GAVE HIM TO ELMER! THEY TRIED TO GIVE IT TO NEARLY EVERYONE IN TOWN, B-BUT ELMER WAS THE ONLY ONE DUMB ENOUGH TO TAKE IT!
?
HOW DO YA KNOW THERE'S SOMETHIN' WRONG WITH HIM?
D-DON'T BE SILLY, BUGS!
AT TH' PRICE TURKEYS ARE SELLING TODAY THEY WOULD THEY HAVE TO...
WELL, IF THERE'S SOMETHIN' WRONG WITH HIM, I AIMS TO FIND OUT WHAT IT IS!
VETERINARY


IS IT SERIOUS, DOC ?
HMMMM!
YESSIR! THAT MUST BE IT! I'LL BET YOU'RE ONE O' THEM BAD LUCK BIRDS..
WHATTA Y' KNOW! A FIVE SPOT!
I TAKE IT BACK! YA DEFINITELY AIN'T TH' BAD LUCK TYPE!
SMACK!

HE YA AIN'T SICK, AN YA AIN'T HEKED, AN YA AIN'T....
EEK!
WAYSE HE SWALLOWED A HUNK O' DYNAMITE...
AN' IF HE SHOULD HAPPEN TO TRIP AND FALL...
BLOOEY!
JUST TO BE SAFE, I'D BETTER CAREY YA.
WHOOPS!
NOPE! I GUESS HE AIN'T FULLA DYNAUTE, EITHER
WHAT ARE YOU DOIN' TO THAT TURKEY, BUGS?
ELMER! YOU'RE JUST THE GUY I'VE BEEN LOOKIN' FOR!
HERE'S YER OL' TURKEY! I'VA GOTTA TAKE IT BACK!
OH NO YOU DON'T! IT WAS YOURS YOU'RE GOT TO KEEP IT!
YOU CLAMED

OH NO, YA DON'T! HE'S YERS!
WELL MISTER FUDD WE SEE WE'VE GOT YOU HAVE THE TURKEY
GWACIOUS THEY'RE THE CLEW THAT GAVE ME THE PWICE IN THE FIWST PLACE
WE WANT TO THANK YOU FOR HELPING US WITH OUR EXPERIMENT
Y-YOUR WHAT?
I AM PROFESSOR TECH AND THIS IS PROFESSOR BILCH
WERE STUDENTS OF PSYCHOLOGY
YOU SEE ... I SEE FUDD ... YOU WERE THE EXCEPTION ! MOST PEOPLE WERE AFRAID TO ACCEPT A FREE TURKEY
YES ... THERE WAS SOMETHING WRONG, SO WE WERE TRYING TO GIVE IT AWAY
DO U KNOW OF THE REST THAT I CAN A PERFECTLY GOOD TURKEY
YA I CAN THERE AIN'T NUTHIN' WRONG WITH THAT BIRD
DEFINITELY NOT!
WHERE'S MY TURKEY!
HE'S MY TURKEY!
THIS AIN'T TH' TIME FER ARGUMENTS ... LOOK! HE'S GETTIN' AWAY

MAYBE HE GOT A BETTER OFFER HE WASN'T EXPECTING
PAINT SHOP
I WAS AFRAID OF THAT
REVERSE ENGLISH
GOBBLE GOBBLE
GOBBLE GOBBLE
THIS RARE RED TURKEY
FIFTY SMACKERS

CARTOONS INC.
PRESENT
SNIFFLES
and
Mary Jane
THERE! YOUR BIRTHDAY CAKE IS FINISHED, MARY JANE
THAT MERRY-GO-ROUND LOOKS
GINGERBREAD
GOODNESS! I HEAR MUSIC AND THE MERRY-GO-ROUND
MOVE!
MARY
ABOARD
A MOMENT LATER
MERCY
GOING FASTER
GRAB
ABOARD
WOW
HOLD TIGHT MARY
YOU CAN SAY THAT AGAIN SNIFFLES! PRESS THE BUTTON ON MY SADDLE QUICKLY!

YOU'VE FREED ME FROM THE MERRY-GO-ROUND
CANDYLAND, AND MY MASTER SIR ASTRAM
GINGERBREAD COURT!
YES, OF COURSE ... ALL THE PEOPLE IN CANDYLAND ARE MADE OF GINGERBREAD BUT HANG ON... WE'RE GOING THROUGH THE SPUN SUGAR CLOUDS!
WHEE!
NOW OVER THE WALL... AND HERE WE ARE IN CANDYLAND!
LOOK AT ALL THE GOOD STUFF
WHAT A MAGNIFICENT PALACE
PARDON ME FOR TAKING YOU TO THE STABLES BUT I MUST FIND SIR ASTRAM
FROSTY
AWAY FROM THAT PASTRY COOK
PLEASE SIR ASTRAM WE'RE VERY FOND OF CANDY!
A WISE CHOICE! HELP YOURSELVES BUT TAKE CARE THAT YOU EAT ONLY ONE PIECE OF CANDY AN HOUR

IS NONE HERE
IT NEVER RAINS
IN
CANDYLAND.
THANKS A LOT
DO FOR YOU
KNOW WHEN AN
CANDY
PLEASE
BEAUTIFUL
LET'S LOOK
WE CHOOSE
THE BROOK
CHOCOLATE
MAKE
PEPPERMINT TREE
SUPER

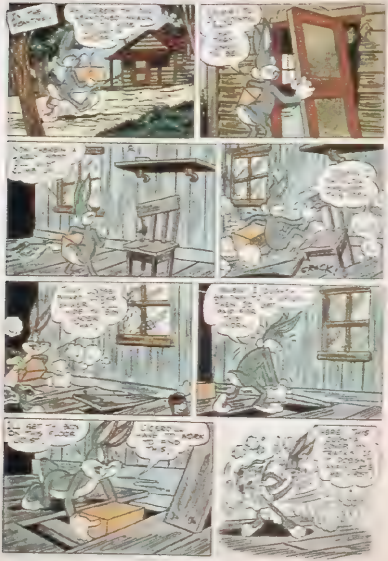
HAPPENED?
CLANG
CLANG

CLANG
CLANG

BONG! BONG! BONG!
BONG!
THANK YOU, YOUR MAJESTY!
THAT GOES FOR ME TOO.
DING
WE'D LOVE TO
HOPE YOU ENJOY THIS CAKE MARY JANE!

WARNER BROS. CARTOONS, INC.
PRESENT -
PORKY PIG
Go to Porky Pig's garage.

ITS AN OLD
A CLUB FASTENED
SHORT CUT THROUGH
TREASURE QUICKER.


CRACK!

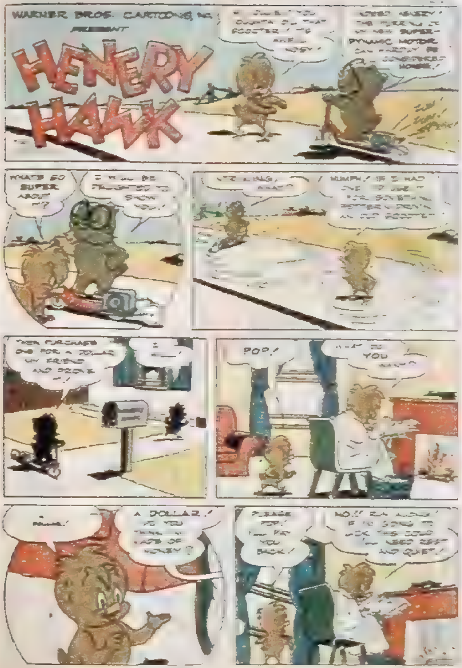
TREASURE.
CLINK!
GOSH!
TRAPPED!

JEEPERS WHAT A SPOOKY PLACE!
HELP! MURDER!
WHADDYA MEAN? YOUR TREASURE AIN'T HERE! YOU'RE IN THE WRONG CAVE!
BUT WE FOUND SOMETHING HERE ANYWAY
I CAN OPEN ANYTHING!

WHASSAT?
CLUMP!
CLUMP!
OOF!
THONK!
COME BACK HERE.
TREASURE EH?

OOPS

KEE-RASH
BAM!


WARNER BROS. CARTOONS, INC.
HENERY HAWK
DYNAMIC MOTOR
WHAT'S SO SUPER ABOUT IT?
POP!
YOU
A DOLLAR!

THIS IS A CINCH!
WHAT IN TARNATION?
BAM! POW! WHAM!
HENRY! STOP THAT INFERNAL NOISE!
I-I'M TRYIN TO, POP!

SPLOP!
SPLOSH!

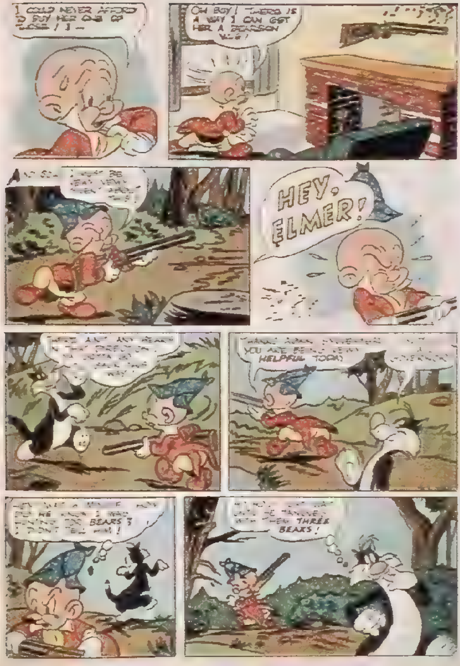
POLICE!
OKAY!

STOP THAT RACKET! WHAT ARE YOU DOING, ARTHUR?
WASH PLATES VERTICALLY?
IT WORKS PERFECTLY!
TRY OUT THE SECOND SPEED!
POP! DON'T!

I CAN'T SEE POP! MY EYES ARE FULLA SOAP!
OOOH!!!
CR-RASH!
NOW, MA... I CAN EXPLAIN EVERYTHING!
NEVER MIND EXPLAINING! TAKE THIS MOP AND GET BUSY! AS FOR YOU, HENERY...
AW, GOSH! MY MOTOR'S ALL BUSTED!
I'LL BUY YOU ANOTHER... IF YOU'LL KEEP IT OUTDOORS!
OKAY, POP! MAYBE CLIFF'S RIGHT... A SCOOTER IS THE BEST PLACE FOR IT! BUT I WON'T TELL HIM I THINK SO!

ELMER FUDD
EVWY YEAR IT'S THE SAME PWOBLEM AND EVWY YEAR I END UP GIVING HER CANDY!
ZOOM

ZOOM
RING
RING
BEARSKIN RUG


OH BOY! THERE IS A WAY I CAN GET HER A
HEY, ELMER!
HELPFUL TODAY
BEARS
THREE BEARS!

GOOOooo!
WAS
SAID
EEK A BEAR!
SWOOT YOU, YOU KNOW
WOULDN'T

BABY BEAR
TO SHOOT BABY BEARS!
IS A BABY BEAR!
GRR!
LOOK! HERE COMES PAPPY!
AROUND HERE!
FIREARMS!
BE LOADED!
BUT IT IS LOADED!
AWK! IT IS?
GOING TO SHOOT YOU WITH IT RIGHT NOW!

PAPA BEAR
HA HA
HA HA
HO HO HO HO!
HA, HA HA!
I HOPE YOUR GIRL FRIEND WON'T BE TOO DISAPPOINTED.
DO YOU BEARS HAPPEN TO KNOW IF THERE ARE ANY OTHER BEARS IN THESE WOODS?

NOPE! THERE'S JUST ME, AN' BABY BEAR...
AN' MAMA BEAR!
AWK! I PLUMB FERGOT ABOUT MAW! SHE'S MEDIUM SIZE, TOO! SHE'D MAKE AN AWFUL PURTY RUG!
I HATE TO DO THIS, FELLOWS, BUT YOU KNOW HOW IT IS... SNIFF SNIFF
WHY, SHORE SNIFF! YOU CAN'T DISAPPOINT YORE GIRL FRIEND!
THE THREE BEARS
YOU WAIT OUT HERE! SNIFF SNIFF I WANT TO BREAK IT TO HER GENTLY!
MAW, THERE'S A MAN OUTSIDE WHO HAS COME TO SHOOT YOU!
TELL HIM TO COME BACK SOME OTHER TIME!
I CAN'T BE BOTHERED WITH A PHOTOGRAPHER SHOOTIN' MY PICTURE NOW! I'M BUSY MAKIN' A BATCH O' FUDGE!
I'M AFRAID YA DON'T UNDERSTAND, MAW! Y' SEE, THIS MAN...

IS THAT FUDGE I SMELL COOKIN' ?
SHORE IS! MAW'S THE WORLD'S BEST FUDGE MAKER!
SNIFF SNIFF
YUM! YUM! I'VE JUST GOT TO HAVE SOME OF THAT FUDGE... BUT I DIDN'T BWING ANY MONEY!
ER... MAYBE WE COULD WORK OUT A SWAP!
BYE BYE, BEARS!
WE HOPE YOU ENJOY THE FUDGE!
GOO!
LATER-
BIRTHDAY GWEETINGS, WED!
HOW NICE OF YOU TO COME OVER!
OH! I'LL BET YOU HAVE SOMETHING NICE FOR ME IN THAT SACK!
IT'S NOT VEWY MUCH! IT'S JUST...
HEY! ISN'T THAT A NEW BEARSKIN WUG?
YES! AUNT MINNIE SENT IT! ISN'T IT THE SILLIEST BIRTHDAY PRESENT YOU EVER HEARD OF?
NOW LET'S SEE WHAT YOU BROUGHT!
FUDGE! I CAN'T THINK OF ANYTHING I'D RATHER HAVE!
I'M VEWY CONFUSED... BUT I LIKE IT! HEH, HEH!

CICERO AND THE CURFEW

(Continued from last issue)

again. A SECOND policeman, much shorter and fatter than the first one, was running toward him. "Stop!" the officer was yelling.

Cicero sprang into action. He raced across the street. As he gained the other side, he looked back. The policeman was still coming—rapidly, too. Cicero ducked into a private driveway at the end of which he could see the outlines of a garage. Luckily, it was not locked. Cicero opened the rear door and, climbing inside, crouched on the floor. One distance away, he heard voices. But he could not understand what they said.

Then the voices stopped. Footsteps came toward the car. Cicero cautiously peered over the top of the front seat. The person approaching was NOT the policeman. But he was, obviously, the owner of the sedan for he was going around to the driver's side and jingling keys in his hand. Cicero crouched down again, and scarcely breathed while the man climbed in, started the motor and drove off. Cicero wondered who he was; he had not been able to see the man's face because his hat brim covered it.

It seemed to Cicero as if they drove for hours. He grew cramped and stiff with cold and discomfort. But he dared not move or try to see where they were going.

At last, the car stopped. The man got out and, without looking into the car, walked away. Cicero heard a door slam. It was followed by the click of a lock. He raised his head. And gasped when he saw that he and the car both were locked up in a concrete garage!

Five minutes later Cicero was standing on a bench, releasing the catch of a small window high in the garage wall. Pushing open the window, he squirmed through it. It was quite a drop to the ground, but he made it without any more serious injury than a barked shin. Getting to his feet he looked around. And his mouth fell open. He was standing in Mr. Porkinson's yard—and Mr. Porkinson lived next door to Petunia!

Petunia looked up from her sewing when Cicero appeared at the living-room door. Prickly telephoned me, you were on your way home," she said. "What took you so long?" I was sure you'd been arrested for violating the curfew law."

"I—I was just lucky I wasn't," shivered Cicero. "And believe me, Petunia, from now on, I'm not goin' to be out after the curfew bell—not even five minutes after. I sure learned my lesson tonight."

While Cicero was trying to get warm under a hot shower, Petunia telephoned Porky. She was giggling as she said, "Your stunt worked, Porky. Cicero's home, safe and sound. From the way he acted, he had an awful scare. It's cured him, all right."

"That's good," chuckled Porky. "I was pretty sure I 'd fooled him with that cop costume of mine. He lit across the street on the d-double! But I bet it was Mr. P-Porkinson's agreeing to take him for that long ride—after I 's-saw him get into the car—that REALLY t-turned the trick!"

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